

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Style You Haven't Done Yet"

Intro

The number one set and sound...live! Ghetto Music. Produced by
KRS-One.

Widdy-bye-bye bye-bye bye-bye bye
Widdy-bye-bye bye-bye bye-bye bye

Come in!

Verse 1

Many have claimed to attain levels in rhymin'
But when I listen to 'em I see they're only lyin'
They're tryin', but after some years if you ain't got it
Lay it down, put it down, find a way to try and stop it
Or change it, rearrange it, be a producer
Don't touch the microphone because you'll always be the loser
And laughed at, smirked on, you don't belong
With those that perform their song on and on
And on and on and on, yo, let's get specific
This style is for the gifted, poetically uplifted
I speak to you, not at you to attack you
Maybe when I'm through with this rhyme I'll get a statue
So now I ax you or tell you people literally
When it comes to rockin' funky lyrics few are better than me
Down with BDP, endlessly recitin' poetry
Any time I'm in the street, you hear my voice, you know it's me
KR...nope! I'm not ready to say my name yet
Many say they teach, but this style they haven't attained yet

Widdy-bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!
Bye-bye bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!
Bye bye bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye, widdy bye-bye!
Bye-bye bye-bye bye, widdy-bye-bye bye bye

Verse 2

Run it, son, plumb it you bum
Don't you know that it's KRS-One
That comes to sing the styles that ain't sung
I rocked the party, but oh! Gotta run
Cos only the suckers want a chance at that

To see if KRS-One is really all that
Instead of a rap I jap-slap all of 'em back
Because the teacher that you see is not wack
I'd like to stack up all the hits that I've made
Three albums, a triple-layer cake
And throw it in your face you waste
Pick up the pace and taste a poet from the black race
While I whip you whine, you're out of touch
I'm out of time, here's another rhyme

(The black man's in effect. Jeeeeeesus! Oh gosh, dude. Oh gosh. Oh yes, dude. Yes)

(What's the name of that crew? B.D.P)

(Say what? I'm not down with the Juice Crew)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Why Is That?"

Verse One

The day begins, with a grin
And a prayer to excuse my sins
I can walk anywhere I choose
Cause everybody listens to the B.D.P. crew
We're not here for glamour or fashion
But here's the question I'm askin
Why is it young black kids taught {flashin?}
They're only taught how to read, write, and act
It's like teachin a dog to be a cat
You don't teach white kids to be black
Why is that? Is it because we're the minority?
Well black kids follow me
Genesis chapter eleven verse ten
Explains the geneology of Chem
Chem was a black man, in Africa
If you repeat this fact they can't laugh at ya
Genesis fourteen verse thirteen
Abraham steps on the scene
Being a descendent of Chem which is a fact
Means, Abraham too was black
Abraham born in the city of a black man
Called Nimrod grandson of Kam
Kam had four sons, one was named Canaan
Here, let me do some explaining
Abraham was the father of Isaac
Isaac was the father of Jacob
Jacob had twelve sons, for real
And these, were the children of Isreal
According to Genesis chapter ten
Egyptians descended from {Hahm,Kam}
Six hundred years later, my brother, read up
Moses was born in Egypt
In this era black Egyptians weren't right
They enslaved black Isrealites
Moses had to be of the black race
Because he spent fourty years in Pharoah's place
He passed as the Pharoah's grandson
So he had to look just like him
Yes my brothers and sisters take this here song
Yo, correct the wrong
The information we get today is just wack

But ask yourself, why is that?

Verse Two

The age of the ignorant rapper is done
Knowledge Reigns Supreme Over Nearly Everyone
The stereotype must be lost
That love and peace and knowledge is soft
Do away with that and understand one fact
For love, peace must attack
And attack real strong, stronger than war
To conquer it and it's law
Mental pictures, stereotypes and fake history
Reinforces mystery
And when mystery is reinforced
That only means that knowledge has been lost
When you know who you really are
Peace and knowledge shines like a star
I'm only showin you a simple fact
It Takes A Nation of MILLIONS to Hold Us people Back
Which is wack, but we can correct that
Teach and learn what it is to be black
Cause they're teachin birds to be a cat
But ask yourself homeboy, why is that?

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"The Blueprint"

Musty fusty yet so crystal clear
The non-commercial set is now here
Brought to you by the will of positive people
K-r-s plus one equals
Slammin' lyrics and beats unquestionable
The professional while I guess that you'll
Grab the album that rocks most on the market
Strong hearted with a target
--bloo-- and the target is hit
I shot the lyric then reload the clip
--bloo-- another shell hits the ground
Along with the shell my opponents weak crown
--bloo bloo-- the title comes after
What a disaster listen to the laughter
Your heart I capture
Cause every lecture has lecture
If you're wack I say next sir
Who's next cause I've got no time for weakness
Only the teacher speaks this
Dialect, which gains nuff respect
Which money can't buy you yet
I don't care cause boogie down productions has both
The most worldwide coast to coast
We didn't do it with the soft commercial sound
Try the ghetto cause I refuse to let go
You see you don't understand I knew it
You got a copy I read from the blueprint

Keepin' it on track
And never wack
Please step back
If you speak the weak rap
Cause I alone can dis your whole pack or posse
Stupid sit there and watch me
You can't stop the original with a copy
Sloppy very sloppy you slouch
Every time I bite you yell ouch
Breakout get lost your throat is hoarse
You lost cause I'm dope of course
--one and two and three and four--
But that comes from years of practice
Anti-slackness anti-wackness
Throw on the glasses and teach the masses

Very simple the question I ask is
How many mcs must get stomped
Before somebody says kris has no calm
Thousands both here and overseas
If you're soft I say please leave
Here's the door here's your hat coat and mitt
Cause here we read from the blueprint

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Jack Of Spades"

* was also featured in the movie "i'm gonna get you sucka"

[krs-one]

Again we start, let me say my part
About the only guy who has some heart
It took some time for the heart to come
But it's here, and everybody's in fear
Crashin through the door of that whore
Bringin a end to this gold chain war
What you saw, krs-one is now seeing
Another fly human being
Making, no excuses for the losers
Chain-snatchers, pimps, drug abusers
You don't like it but you gotta keep pushin
Until somebody starts mushin
All these suckers, claimin to rule the environment
(nah man, I ain't buyin it)
You seem to think that everybody can be taught
That everyone else can be bought
But, you took a short, cause one guy hasn't been paid
He is the jack of spades!

* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." *

[krs-one]

He's a, calm kind of guy, courageous and loyal
But don't let the temper boil
Cause just like a pot when the whistle blows
(that's right boy, anything goes!)
The crime is committed and he's right on your tail
There's no bail, not thinkin bout jail
All the ends, are justified by the means
When jack's on the scene
Track the movement, don't lose it
Cause if he come through the back, he attacks
Crack, cocaine, cops, and more fiends
Who all get the same in the heat of this gold chain game
Here is the aim --
Destroy all the stereotypes, hypes, and crack pipes
We don't like, criminals, and crime --
But we don't pay it any mind
So here comes kung-fu, joe, and fly guy
Slade, hammer, and slammer

I, am a, renegade teacher and scholar
If you ain't up on it you gotta
Fall to the back of the line
Hear this rhyme, cause i'ma say it one more time
It's jack's theme song that krs made
It's called the jack of spades!

* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." *

[krs-one]

You know, the jack of spades is now down with the bdp posse
If you wanna see more, just watch me
Man, do what I do, throw your hands in the air
And scream it out, ohh yeah "ohh yeahhh!!"
One more time! "ohh yeahhh!!"
(flash the rhyme!)
Cool, guy, loud and quiet
If your head's in the way, he'll fly it
Don't try it, cause jack of spades doesn't buy it
He's a one man riot
Cleanin the community, of all it's debris
The c-r-i-m-e
The road was long and scary and some didn't make it
The average guy couldn't take it
But jack, is not, the average guy
He took a piece of the pie and bit it
Got with it, for his brother he did it
So you gotta admit it
This is a martyr, a soldier, a hero
Why? because he started from zero
In this battle he clearly understands their power
They're payin people by the hour
To sell, to lie, to try, to stand up and deny
They are gettin everybody high
High on a cable, cash under the table
Currency is how they're able
To buy the cops and props and keep the law paid
But here comes the jack of spades!

* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." *

[krs] break it down!

* d-nice scratches "jack.. jack.." *

[krs-one]

Fresh.. for jack of spades, you suckers
Ha ha ha ha ha hah..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Jah Rulez"

[krs-one]

Yes, right about now we got afrika
From the jungle brothers on the wheels of steel
My sister harmony right beside me
And i, krs-one on the mic
Sidney mills on the keyboards
And dwayne on the engineering
And once again, this style is dedicated to the heavenly father
Because you know ya rule!

[harmony]

Where can they go, where can they turn?
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. their very soul! (fi-yah!)
What can they do, what can they say?
They can't live without your love.. (ba-da-bi)
Another day.. (ba-ba-bad-bad-bad)

[krs-one]

Bad man people and petty rob-ber
Straighten up your ways or you will suf-fer
What go around come around and this is the law
The manmade law krs-one ig-nore
I walk the streets as a ruff yout bwoy
Very intelligent, and full of joy
Go to a concert and mash up the jam (bo)
People in the world know just who I am
I am what I am cause I am not soft
When the blind lead the blind - that's when ya lost
Me just a dj dealin with negative
Nonsense messages, a what dem a give
Bdp strong, cause jah is the strength
Bdp long, cause jah is the length
Bdp together, cause jah is the link
We a just arise, while the negative sink! come!

[harmony]

Where can they go, where can they turn?
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (burns!)
Their very soul! (lick dem down!)
And what can they do, what can they say?
They can't live without your love.. another day.. (come!)
Where can they go..
What can they do? (bo)

[krs-one]

We are not a front and, we are no fraud
Every hit record comes straight from the lord
We live in jail cell and we live in shelter
If you help yourself, well jah will help ya
Look to no man but love everyone
Stand on your own and work til you're done
Follow the commandments that jah set forth
Cause manmade laws, made man lost (bo)

[harmony]

Where can they go, where can they turn?
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (ba-da-bi-bi-bi)
Their very soul! (fi-yah!)
What can they do, what can they say?
They can't live without your love.. another day..
They need you, in their lives
They know, your live is right (always right)
You're the inspiration (yes) that sweet revelation
All their hope, and their salvation (so right)
And where can they go, where can they turn (where ya hide?)
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. their very soul!
(wa-da-ba-da-bi-bi-bi-bi)
What can they do, what can they say?
They can't live without your love.. another day..
(fi-yah, fi-yah, fi-yah, fi-yah)
They need you, in their lives
They know, your love is right
You're the inspiration, that sweet revelation
And all of their hopes (jah rulez) and their salvation
Where can they go, where can they turn (jah rule every time)
When they hear your name, that fire burns.. (nowhere)
Their very soul (kyan't move without the movement of jah, seen?)
And what can they do, what can they say
They can't live without your love.. another day..
Where do they go
What do they do?
Where do they turn
What can they say?
Where do they go, what can they do
Breathe without you?
Where do they go
Breathe without you?
What do they do.. *fades*

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Breath Control"

[krs-one] + [somebody beatboxing]

Let me tell you bout a crew I know [ba bum bum]

Called boogie down productions and they steal the show [ba bum bum]

With dj scott larock and krs-one

[ba-bum, ba-ba-bum, ba-bum-ba-bum-babababababababa]

With d-nice you know the job is done

And I know [boom-ba-bum] oh yes I know [ba-boom-ba-bum]

I know because I'm krs-one, yo check this out

[beatbox continues in the background]

[krs-one]

Breath control.. here's an example

I appeal, to the +criminal minded+

You can't find it, boy you're still blinded

Why don't you open your eyes and stop dissin

Get a prescription to listen

Sit in the class and ask real fast about a fresh rap

You're gettin left back, set back, kept back

Get back, I don't accept that material

Your rhymes are artificially flavored like cereal

I like clarity, so when you come here

Speak clear and concise and then I might give

A little slack to.. nah, wait - I take that back

If you're wack, I'll slap, fuck that!

Boogie down productions back, simply cause we never left

The radical sounds of krs

What a mess, to roll up and then 'fess

Wild guess huh, you thought you were the best?

But - yup yup - as it always turns out

You get burned out, your rhymes just run out

I immediately come out, boomin dope and

Don't provoke, you're walkin a very thin rope

Not even rope, the word I'm lookin for is string

When I sing, I sing to try and bring

Enlightenment, yet the suckers be bitin it

Radio's fightin it, the fans be likin it

Your face I'm wipin it, cause your mouth is dirty

You're unworthy to think that you can serve me

You heard me? these styles are universal

You need rehearsal, wait, first i'll

Beef up the system, rhyth, rhymin, timin, climbin

Then realizing

As producer of this dope record huh
I think it's time we break for a second

Breath control..

[krs-one]

That's it, that's it, that's it
Break is over, back to the track
Resume attack, on the crews that are wack
We don't lack, I mean, we don't like
The played out styles when we're rockin the mic
The radical rebel at level fifteen
The amp only goes to ten, you know what I mean?
As it seems, it seems that you're doomed
Yes I'll boom and consume the whole room
Not a part, not a fraction or a sum
But all, capital krs-one
B-d-b-d-b-d-b-d-p
Takin mc's out constantly!
Because you're no big deal, you're no big wheel
You steal, come before me and kneel but
I'm not a king, I'm not a queen, I'm not a ace
I'm not a jack, I'm not a mc or a playboy
And I just ain't wack
I feel that you should get an understanding
You might be jamming, but krs-one is slamming
Hypothetically, or in reality
Takin you out, is a small technicality
Rhymes like these, or rhymes like this one
Comes in handy, while I diss some
Soft silly low budget sucker like yourself
I got the style you need, in my house on the shelf
Labelled, sucker boy style
I like to do it every once in a while..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Who Protects Us From You?"

Verse

(Fy-ah! Come down fas'...)

You were put here to protect us
But who protects us from you?
Every time you say "That's illegal"
Doesn't mean that that's true (Uh-huh)
Your authority's never questioned
No-one questions you
If I hit you I'll be killed
But you hit me? I can sue (Order! Order!)
Lookin' through my history book
I've watched you as you grew
Killin' blacks and callin' it the law
(Bo! Bo! Bo!) And worshipping Jesus too
There was a time when a black man
Couldn't be down wit' your crew (Can I have a job please?)
Now you want all the help you can get
Scared? Well ain't that true (You goddamn right)
You were put here to protect us
But who protects us from you?
Or should I say, who are you protecting?
The rich? the poor? Who?
It seems that when you walk the ghetto
You walk wit' your own point of view (Look at that gold chain)
You judge a man by the car he drives
Or if his hat match his shoe (Yo, you lookin' kinda fresh)
Well, back in the days of Sherlock Holmes
A man was judged by a clue
Now he's judged by if he's Spanish,
Black, Italian or Jew
So do not kick my door down and tie me up
While my wife cooks the stew (You're under arrest!)
Cos you were put here to protect us
But who protects us from you?

(A public service announcement brought to you by the scientists of
Boogie Down Productions. Fy-ah! Come again...)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"You Must Learn"

Just like I told you, you must learn

It's calm yet wild the style that I speak
Just filled with facts and you will never get weak in the heart
In fact you'll start to illuminate, knowledge to others in a song

Let me demonstrate the force of knowledge,

Knowledge reigned supreme

The ignorant is ripped to smithereens

What do you mean when you say I'm rebellious

'Cause I don't accept everything that you're telling us

What are you selling us the creator dwellin' us

I sit in your unknown class while you're failing' us

I failed your class 'cause I ain't with your reasoning

You're tryin' make me you by seasoning

Up my mind with see Jane run, see John walk in a hardcore New York

It doesn't exist no way, no how

It seems to me that in a school that's ebony

African history should be pumped up steadily, but it's not

And this has got to stop, See Spot run, run get Spot

Insulting to a Black mentality, a Black way of life

Or a jet Black family, so I include with one concern, that

You must learn

Chorus: Just like I told you, you must learn (twice)

I believe that if you're teaching history

Filled with straight up facts no mystery

Teach the student what needs to be taught

'Cause Black and White kids both take shorts

When one doesn't know about the other ones' culture

Ignorance swoops down like a vulture

'Cause you don't know that you ain't just a janitor

No one told you about Benjamin Banneker

A brilliant Black man that invented the almanac

Can't you see where KRS is coming at

With Eli Whitney, Haile Selassie

Granville Woods made the walkie-talkie

Lewis Latimer improved on Edison

Charles Drew did a lot for medicine

Garrett Morgan made the traffic lights

Harriet Tubman freed the slaves at night

Madame CJ Walker made a straightenin comb

But you won't know this is you weren't shown

The point I'm gettin' at it it might be harsh
'Cause we're just walkin' around brainwashed
So what I'm sayin' is not to diss a man
We need the 89 school system
One that caters to a Black return because
You must learn

Chorus

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Hip Hop Rules"

[krs-one]

Come again down man

This is krs-one on to wreck ruff ruff ruff stuff

So we're gonna do it like this now

Put up your hands if you love hip-hop music like I do, seen?

And we gonna do it like this now

Listen to the lyrics! bo!

Me say hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule

And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!

Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule

And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!

Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!

Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!

Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!

Rap music, we want the rap music

Way back in the days, 1979

Fatback band made a record usin rhyme

In the same year come the sugarhill gang

With the pow pow boogie, and the big bang bang

R&b, disco, pop country jazz

All thought hip-hop, was just a little fad

But here comes grandmaster flash nonstop

And right after flash, run-d.m.c. dropped

Now, they had to pay attention to the scale

Where other music failed, hip-hop prevailed

See rap music has gone platinum from the start

So now in eighty-nine we gettin present as an art

Me ask, is it because, we've got the eighty-nine vision?

Whoa whoa whoa!

Or is it because, it's a unanimous decision

Hey hey hey hey

That hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule

And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!

Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule

And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!

Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!

Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!

Rap music, we want the rap music, come down!

Rap music, we want the rap music

I pick up the mic and put down crazy lyrics
I put it 'pon the phonograph so everyone can hear it
You want to sound like me bwoy, you can't come near it
Cause when I flash a new style, the people dem a cheer it
You get so jealous til you just can't bear it
Jealous of ms. melody, me and derek
See derek is d-nice, and I'm krs-one ah
We'll rock ya in the winter and we rocked ya last summer
You want to battle me you got to wake up in the morning
Cause if you're still sleepin, then i'ma start yawnin

Because ah hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come again!
Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, we want!
Rap music, we want the rap music, bo!
Rap music, we want the rap music, come again!
Rap music, we want the rap music, come down!
Rap music, we want the rap music

Just, put up your hands if you like rap music
Put up your hands if you like rap music
Ms. melody boy she always on the mixer
And d-square, love rap music ah
Dj doc boy yes he's on the mix and
Krs-one'll flash a lyric, we say
Here comes yvette, on the lyric and
Big kap, rockin on the mix and
Bdp boy we'll flash a lyric a
Knock the suckers down every time dem hear it, because

Hip-hop rule, hip-hop rule
And these other industries out here cannot take it, come down!
Come again!
We want!
Bo!
Come again!
Bo!

* dub/instrumental of first verse reprised to fade *

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Bo! Bo! Bo!"

Bo bo bo clack clack clack clack
Get your street knowledge every posse know that come again
Bo bo bo clack clack clack clack
The only way to deal with racism if you're black

Well, seven in the morning I woke up to jog
Rushed out the door to inhale the smog
As I ran, I began to wonder
Should I produce or should I tour this summer
Well just that second I heard stay where you are
Before I could stop I was hit by a cop car
I laid on the pavement like I was hurt
Then a redneck cop jumped out with a smirk
He said, ah boy you better watch where you run
As he poked my side with the barrel of his shotgun
I said officer man I ain't do nothin
He said what's that word you n---s use, ya frontin?
Well ya frontin, so why were you running down the street?
At this time I had stood to my feet and said wait a minute
And that's when he did it, he hit me in the face with his gun I wasn't
With it so
On the ground was a bottle of snapple, I broke the bottle in his fucking
Adam's apple
As he fell his partner called for backup well, I had the shotgun and
Began to act up with that

(chorus)

Well I threw down the gun and began to run
I got back in no time and loaded the nine
First I took two clips and then I took two more
I was out the window cause by now they were right at my door
I took three shots and then I laid
They rushed in shooting so I threw a quick grenade
It went boom like a supernova
Badges arms heads legs cops were all over
I jumped out the fire escape down to the street and I started to run you
Know I couldn't feel my feet, I was weak, I said to myself holy shit!
My shirt had filled with blood I didn't know I got hit but there's no
Time to stop no time to explain man I'm in too deep with this everyday
Ghetto pain
Black men are judged by their clothes
Black women are looked at as hoes

So I as one of these uppity n----s
Can only rely on the sound of a triggga going

(chorus)

Well I staggered down the street to an old bookstore
Called the tree of life (yo d it ain't there no more)
But when it was boy I was lucky
Cause in the basement is where they stuck me
When I awoke at the 14th hour
Three black women had gave me a quick shower
I stayed a while and escaped in a truck
Driven by two guys, rakim and chuck
What the fuck I asked as I laid there how many guys do you drive a day
There? chuck said many, rakim said plenty it's an everyday thing when
You're willing to sing a song...

(chorus)

Peace and love to dj scott larock he's in there still!

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Gimme Dat"

[krs-one]

Right, right! (woy)

Bring it (woy)

Bdp (woy)

Bdp (woy)

Bdp (woy)

Now smooth it out (woy, woy)

(woy)

(woy)

(woy)

Alright, here we go (woy, woy)

Hi, hello, whassup, and what's happenin?

I am known as the teacher in rappin

Some need slappin, cause what they're sayin

Is wack and weak and - wait, let me speak (woy)

Don't be the sucker comin into my face with that (woy)

Yang-yang, or you'll be down with the chain gang (woy)

Draggin your feet, to a beat produced by bdp (woy)

One of the many, from the library (woy)

I teach hip-hop for a living

So here's a smidgen, of what I'm givin

Krs-one two three four, encore

I'm not a freshman, sophomore, and further more (woy)

I graduated from the school of no shorts

To the world of rappin I brought

"that's it, that's all, single, no more, no less"

That style was created by dj krs (woy)

Offbeat got you out your seat (woy)

When I created the style, they studied every single week (woy)

Now you come in my face like you're rulin? (woy)

But I'm teacher boy, who you foolin!

See there's no defense against common sense

Confidence, intelligence or excellence

Intense, but here's the difference

Krs-one does not mean ignorance

Try obedience, magnificence

As a reference, stop the violence

Criminal minded, poetry, and jimmy hats

Is that your title? gimme dat! (woy)

(woy)

(woy)

(woy)

Now let's take it back a little bit (woy, woy)

(woy)

(woy)

You can't test bdp boy (woy)

So bust this down (woy, woy)

While I got your attention I feel like just

Lettin off two or three lyric then steppin

Jettin, gettin the respect of a teacher

My name is kris, 23, glad to meet ya

Bdp +is+ the number one set

I don't drop science, I teach it, correct!

Some get caught in my style like a net

They can't get out, so I treat em like a pet

Sit boy, down boy, don't bite me yet

I bet you're kind of hungry, here's a calcan, step

Cause I've got no time to hold your hand

I just slam, so you can understand who I am (woy)

The teacher, professor, scholar makin dollars (woy)

The trainer, entertainer, makin ya holla (woy)

The numero uno, number one, the best perfectionist (woy)

Crazy, fresh krs (woy, woy)

So gimme dat!

(woy)

(woy)

(woy)

Now take it on back (woy, woy)

Original.. original.. original.. hit it!

(woy)

(woy)

(woy)

Original.. ah one two three, we out! (woy, woy)

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"Ghetto Music"

"if you like the sound of what you've heard so far.."

[krs-one]
Ghetto music
Ghetto music
Ghetto music
Ghetto music..

.. you're tuned into that easy listening sound
With a cap and gown, not a crown
No glitter, no makeup
Just smashin lyrics, that make up
The b, d, and the p
You pay for the hits, the advice is free
In this industry, we gotta grow
Commercial some go, but, y'know
Just as important as they are
So is the underground superstar (like me)
You gotta ask yourself one question
Do I speak facts, or do I start guessin?
Learn the lesson, before you plan your career
Commercial or underground, where
Do you fit, cause both sides write hits
And all is rap, I'll admit
But what I've come to explain
Is that these people love to play a game
They wanna make it seem like you're wrong
For writin the reality song

(don't touch those issues, don't talk about dat
We don't take knowledge rap)

What? they want you on their bases
Cause if you bring out the brown, you're racist
But if you bring out the pink, well wait, it's ok
Yeah, they won't stop it
I guess it's alright to act demonic
I guess it's alright to act demonic
But that's another chapter, in another book
I've come to show a different look
And that look is the whole of rap
Not just the commercial pap
But the underground, that raw ghetto sound

From which rap music was found
So you can't deny it, you cannot refuse it
I'll be rockin that ghetto music

..

People keep tellin me, "kris!you need more radio
Yeah man, that's the way to go!
You gotta be like so-and-so to go platinum,"
Then I attack em!
I rhyme for the ghetto, I teach the ghetto
I cannot let go, change up? heck no
In the ghetto, I stay mellow
We're in effect yo, ready, set, go
Fresh, for nineteen eighty-nine you suckers
Peace to p.e., and the jungle brothers
Others, have come, to master the art
They start, with heart, then fall apart
Like a dart I shoot for one target (bo bo)
Ghetto music, yeah they'll never chart it
Cause now in eighty-nine, the purpose of a rhyme
Is to strengthen and uplift the mind
Although I'll achieve and achieve and achieve
It's simple, I'll never leave
Cause every time you front for respect you lose it
I'll rock ghetto music

Ghetto music
Ghetto music
Ghetto music
Ghetto music..

Boogie Down Productions Lyrics

"World Peace"

[krs-one]

World peace.. or world talk? !

Yeah..

One, two, three, four!

If we really want world peace

And we want it right now

We must make up our minds to take.. it..

Right now!

If we really want world peace

And we want it right now

Right now!

We must make up our minds to take.. it..

[krs-one]

Take it.. right now..

Don't hesitate! (world peace)

You want world peace? (world peace) (peace.. take it)

Or world talk?

(world peace..)

(world peace..)

(world peace..)

Yo, a lot of people are under the assumption

That peace, is soft or somethin

We must begin to reprogram our thought

From, how we were taught

Back in school, and our tv screens

Strength, is always mean

Love, is always soft

And peace is too peaceful

When all are equal

Sit back, and read the papers

About the murderers, thieves, and rapists

We depend on police for justice

But when do we say, enough is enough

Right now, and call their bluff

It's not a matter of frontin like you're tough

It's a matter of takin yours

And livin universal laws

Cause those laws, cannot be bribed

Nor changed, or paid on the side
You must come correct and walk straight
More love, less and less hate
When you walk, walk with authority
Tell the negative people, don't bother me
Move your face away, I ain't with it
In a minute, I'm gonna hit it!

If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Right now!
If we really want world peace
World peace..
And we want it right now
.. or world talk
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

Break it down!
Take it, yeah!
World peace..
Yeah.. come in..

Crash, smash, don't ask
When the negative disrupts the class
How much longer? get stronger
The battle is getting longer
World, peace, or world talk
Do we run? or do we walk? (charge)
If you want world peace, take it
Cause a lot of our leaders fake it (fraud)
It's similar to armageddon
When the positive people stop lettin
The negative, control, how we live
Listen to the music I give!

If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Take it!

If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
World peace.. (right now!) ..or world talk?
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

Take it!
If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
World peace!

We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Right now!
If we really want world peace
And we want it right now
Come in now..
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
World peace.. or world talk? !

If we really want world peace
Yes I do
And we want it right now
When can I get it?
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
Come in!
If we really want world peace
That's it
And we want it right now
Right now
We must make up our minds to take.. it..

I want it now!
If we really want world peace
I want it right now!
And we want it right now
We need it right now!
We must make up our minds to take.. it..
No talk.. world peace!
If we really want world peace
Peace! *echoes*